excerpts from *the garden of a.i. haiku*

plunk-plunk water-sound
quiet pond and quite quite-small
but fish were quite large

a wind is blowing
along a landfill forlorn
with sneezing seagulls

such too tall structures
fall far down but not upon
those who them design

a pair of scissors
a thickly broken toenail
a paramedic

the passing of gas
stations along the long road
to your cheap motel

what have we or not
that cannot be better done
without we do it

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